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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



IN THE HALL OF THE PRESIDENTS.

UNCLE SAM.—I'm afraid, Benjamin, that the best we can do for you will be a mighty small statuette.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 30th, 1889.—No. 660.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

COLUMBUS discovered the American continent in 1492. He landed on Cat Island, so that, it may be said, he discovered only the continent of North America. It remained for Mr. James G. Blaine to discover the continent of South America. This feat he achieved in 1881. Mr. Blaine's acquaintance with South America began during the Garfield administration—when, as is his custom, he had accepted a cabinet position to console him for the loss of a presidential nomination. He learned, at that time, that South America was rich in guano. Since then, it seems probable, he has learned that South America is rich in several other things—in rubber, wool, hides, skins, drugs and dye-stuffs. And, with a clear and grateful understanding of the profitable richness of guano, he has seen that there is money there, and has determined to bring that interesting fact to the knowledge of the American people.

For this purpose he has made a "personally conducted" excursion out of the Pan-American Congress, and has sent a committee of gentlemen from South America careering about the country, under the charge of a trusted employee, to show that committee how good and great we are. He has exhibited to these gentlemen a few—a very choice and select few—factories which are flourishing under high protection rule; and he has exhibited to them the Falls of Niagara—which are certainly a wonderful specimen of American industry. He has made them listen to a great deal of speech-making—some of which, as it happens, has not been wholly to his taste. On the whole, it may be fairly said that he has given them a trip which might be extremely useful and interesting to



AN ORDINARY TRANSACTION.

LAWYER McCUTCHEON (of Helena, Montana).—Well?
BUNG WEEP.—We velly much likee you punish Hong Wah. He killy Chinaman.
LAWYER McCUTCHEON.—But the District Attorney has charge of that case.
BUNG WEEP.—Dlistick Tolly no makee charge. He too slow. S'pose you punish him. How muchee cost you hangee him? How muchee cost you plison him for lifee?

a party of school-boys—supposing that the parents of the school-boys were all rabid high-protectionists.

But how have the lessons of this excursion impressed the gentlemen from South America, who have been trotted around by Mr. Blaine's lieutenant? We have no doubt that, until Mr. Blaine was lured by the potent charms of guano into intimate relations with South America, he supposed the South American native to be a cross between the monkey and the negro. Since that interesting experience he knows better; and his new knowledge of the South American has led him to think that there may be some profit in cultivating that tropical person. Hence the personally conducted excursion of the Pan-American Congress. From Mr. Blaine's point of view, the scheme is a good one. But, we inquire once more, what sort of scheme is it from the point of view of the excursionists? If they were the ignorant children of nature which Mr. Blaine once thought them, they might readily be expected to look at all things exactly as Mr. Blaine wished them to look, and to go back to South America and tell the various states which they represent to do what Mr. Blaine may suggest, in the way of international arrangements.

Yet, in spite of the fact that Mr. Blaine and the leaders of his party never cared to trouble their heads about South America until Mr. Blaine found out the political grandeur of guano, the various states of the southern continent are not wholly peopled with breech-clouted savages. These states are, for the most part, well-established communities, with large and wealthy towns, transacting a heavy business in foreign traffic. The merchants who have built up these towns are intelligent, educated men, who conduct their affairs on a strictly business basis. They are, taken as a class, quite as clever, quite as sensible and steady, and quite as prosperous as any corresponding class of merchants among our own people.

To take a committee of South American citizens, chosen in South America to represent this mercantile class, and to carry it about the country to show it the country's grandeur, as one might exhibit our steam-engines and our high buildings to a Zulu, is the very acme of absurdity. If Mr. Blaine knew any thing beyond the limits of the "practical politics" to which he has devoted his life, he would know that these South Americans understand most thoroughly the relation in which they stand toward the United States. They have dealt with us for more than a century. We bought their goods before there was an independent nation in North or South America. We are buying their goods to-day, and selling them none of ours—none, to all intents and purposes. And yet we have grown, in a century of national existence, to be a great manufacturing country, leading the world in many forms of industrial achievement, while South America remains a collection of agricultural and stock-raising communities. These facts may be new to Mr. Blaine. They are not new to the South American gentlemen whom he is entertaining.

These gentlemen know why the trade between the United States and the South American states is all on one side, like the handle of a jug. We stated the reason, in June last, when, in speaking of the inequality of our customs-tariff legislation, we said:

"We have spoken of South America because our dealings with that country afford a flagrant example of our unbusinesslike dealings with foreign nations. It has been notorious for years that England, Germany, Spain, and, in a small way, Portugal, have snatched away from this country the South American trade that fairly belongs to us. Our exports to South America are a little lumber, some railroad engines and street cars, a few agricultural implements, a large assortment of patent medicines, and, for the rest, plenty of bilge-water and free space between decks. The South Americans, from Brazil clear around to Chili, have sold their goods to us and bought their goods of England, Germany, France and other European nations. It is senseless to assert that the lack of regular communication has been the reason of this extraordinary one-sidedness of international trade. We have communication enough with South America to import all we want: that the vessels which make the communication go back empty or half full is owing to our extravagant tariff, and to nothing else."

Our South American friends know well that we can not trade with them on equal terms, simply because we can not manufacture the goods they want as cheaply as the European nations can manufacture them. They know that we have to pay duty on the raw materials which we import for our manufactures, and that European manufacturers, who have to pay no such duty, can undersell us.

Why, then, does Mr. Blaine go through this elaborate farce of showing the richness of the land to the members of the Pan-American Congress? We do not know. But we will venture to predict that the next Congress will be asked to grant heavy subsidies to steamship lines between the United States and South America—steamship lines that will carry freight one way, and go back empty the other. They will be Republican steamship lines—built by members of the Republican party, and run by members of the Republican party. But we will not venture to predict that the next Congress will reduce the tariff that shuts us off from all possible trade from the great South American market.



THE EVENING BEFORE.

[Outside MAUD's house, and rather dark. HARRY approaching.]
HARRY (*in joyous soliloquy*).—Eight o'clock! At this time to-morrow we'll have been married just seven hours and a quarter. Jove! Does n't it seem queer—and delicious? I want to see her once more—tell her how much I love her—hear her say how much she—Uh! Eh! Confound you; take care where you are going!

INDISTINCT FIGURE (*which has collided with HARRY*).—Beg pardon, sir, but I could n't see. We're putting up an awning frame out here.

SECOND INDISTINCT FIGURE.—Hi, there; look out for your toes! (*Drops heavy scantling almost on HARRY's foot.*)

HARRY (*somewhat discomposed*).—This is jolly, I vow! (*Rings.*)
SERVANT (*opening*).—Well, you're here at last, are you? Oh, excuse me, Mr. Spooner! Thought it was the man with the—

VOICE (*over banisters*).—Has he come, James? Tell him—
SERVANT.—It's Mr. Spooner, Ma'am.

VOICE.—Oh! It's only Mr. Spooner, Maud. What can have become of that man? Now, Maud—(*Voice recedes.*)

HARRY.—Hum!
[Enter, down the stairs, with a dove-like swoop and rustle, MAUD, all smiles and happiness at seeing HARRY.]

MAUD.—Dear!
HARRY.—O Maud!

MAUD (*staying HARRY's impassioned rush*).—No, not here, you reckless boy! Don't you notice that carpenter in the vestibule? He's fixing the—and, oh, my darling, I don't know where to take you, for, you see, the florist is at work in the parlor, and then—

HARRY (*hopefully*).—The music-room?
MAUD.—The presents are displayed there.

HARRY.—The dining-room?
MAUD.—No; the caterer's men have possession of that, and the women from Madam's are in the library, and all my things are being packed upstairs, and—

HARRY (*sarcastically*).—Perhaps the kitchen—
MAUD (*quite seriously*).—It's a perfect pandemonium!

HARRY (*same*).—Or the stable!
MAUD (*same*).—Why, Patrick says he can't ever stow away—

you're laughing at me, you wicked—but I'm simply wild to-night with all this bother—oh! Papa's little studio! But it's a mass of confusion, for everything not immediately wanted is hustled in there.

HARRY (*aside*).—Just the place for me, then. (*They enter.*)
MAUD.—Now, dear, we'll have a nice, delightful chat; for, you know, we've only seen each other four times to-day, and I've so many things to tell you.

SEAMSTRESS (*parting portière*).—If you please, Miss Maud, would you step upstairs? That back needs to be fitted again, and—

MAUD.—Oh, Harry, you can't think what trouble we've had with that dress! When it was sent home, we found that—coming, Mama!

[Exit.]
[HARRY contemplates ceiling with what patience he may for ten minutes, when re-enter MAUD.]

MAUD.—That's settled. Now, to begin again. It's so sweet—
MAUD's MAMA (*entering hurriedly*).—Maud! Would you—oh,

good evening, Mr. Spooner! Would you put all those light things into the Saratoga, or the little sole leather? I think perhaps we'd better—

MAUD.—Any way you like, Mama—I don't care. (*Exit MAMA.*)
And, as I was saying, Harry—

BRIDESMAID (*outside*).—I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Maudie; but won't you please come out here for an instant? I don't quite understand how I am to— (*MAUD slips out, remaining some time, while HARRY listens to the following:*)

MAUD, THE BRIDESMAID, THE BELL and VARIOUS VOICES.—There's two dozen, I think, of white silk—lilies for the arch over the door—ding! ding!—where's James?—in the bottom of some trunk, I'm sure—if those are roses, bring 'em here—and, drive tacks through the dead centre of every one—ding! ding!—Mrs. Smith's compliments, and she sends—three cakes of toilet soap—so please pack the handkerchiefs in—a salad bowl or soup tureen—for there are n't satchet bags enough to—flavor the creams—and your Paris hat is put—in the ice-chest, where it ought to be—ding! ding!—you must see the floral bell; it's made of—one hundred chicken croquettes, sprinkled with—Mr. and Mrs. Snyder's best wishes, Mum—and set off by—four dozen dessert spoons—and the minister's fee—tied up in a brown paper-bag!

MAUD (*re-entering*).—Oh, Harry, is n't this awful?
HARRY.—Well, we'll be at peace now. Come, one little kiss—

MAUD (*shrinking away*).—Ow!
HARRY.—What is it? Oh! (*Before him stands MESSENGER-BOY, silently holding forth letter.*)

HARRY (*petulantly*).—I know well enough what this is! (*Reads letter and tears it up.*)

THE MESSENGER-BOY.—Dere ain't no ans'r?
HARRY.—No! Off with you! (*Exit Boy.*) You see, Charley has never been best man before, and he's frightfully nervous about it. This is the fifth note to-day from him. He's asking whether he shall wear a white scarf like the ushers' or pearl-gray one like mine! Let him wear both or neither or none at all, and be hanged to him!

MAUD (*tearfully*).—Oh, now you're getting cross—I should n't think you would—and I don't blame you, it's so exasperating! I've been going through it all day, and I'm j-just t-t-tired t-t-to d-d-death—

HARRY (*remorsefully*).—Poor little girl! There! There! forget all about it, and we'll talk about something else. There! There! (*Brief bliss, broken by—*)

VOICES.—Maud! Miss Maud! Maudie!
MAUD (*springing up*).—Oh, dear, it's no use! Just hear them!

OMNES.—Will you step up down in out across around here? There's the other dress to try on. a lovely present come. some one to see you. Aunt Martha driving up. something wrong with your hat. no more room in the yellow trunk.

HARRY (*in despair*).—Well, I'll go. But—
MAUD (*tenderly*).—But remember, dear, that I love you just as much as if I were n't so awfully busy—getting ready to prove it!

Manley H. Pike.



HE GOT IT IN THE NECK.

SAWTOOTH GEORGE. — Stand back! I'm the terror of the Northwest, an' I'm on the rampage fer blood —
BOSS VIGILANTE. — That's all right, stranger; we're goin' ter give ye all the rope ye want!

THE NEW MEXICO NIGHTINGALE.

THE NEW MEXICAN NIGHTINGALE, alias burro, is the corner-stone of New Mexican dependence. Without the aid of his sure little feet on the rocky trails, the Territory could never have climbed to the top of herself.

The burro is a pocket edition of the jack-ass, a shade larger than the jack-rabbit, and several distinct hues less immediate — except upon occasion. When an occasion flies up to smite him in the face, he is somehow in the next county. In ordinary circumstances, however, he could be heavily backed — with a copper — against a messenger-boy with a bee in the bay of his trousers.

The burro assumes the entire responsibility of New Mexico, thereby, relieving Providence of a great burden. I suppose that is what he was created for. Although the most solemn beast on earth, he seems to me remarkably cheerful under the circumstances. Apparently, it does not hurt him to suffer.

It is a common phenomenon to see a half-cord of wood, or a quorum of a ton of hay aimlessly meandering over a New Mexican landscape. This is apt to puzzle the tenderfoot, but the native accepts it without astonishment. Several of these phenomena have been sent to competent assayers, and a careful chemical analysis always shows a base of burro.

But his other cargoes are mere featherweights compared with his pack of wisdom and sobriety. This is partly explained by the fact that at one time the burros around Santa Fé were fed on the Territorial archives, including a full file of the *Congressional Record*, several cyclopædias, and a bound volume of *Punch*. Notwithstanding this absorption, his vocabulary is limited to two words, one English and one German — How and Ich. Both are pronounced with remarkable purity of accent, but he uses them only in his musical flights — which are of several staires each. He has a remarkable

capassity for sleeping. Sometimes he takes the trouble to lie down there-to; but this is needless. He can sleep equally well standing or moving. In this he differs from the biped population, who can not sleep moving — because they do not move.

The burro is often asspersed for the size of his ears; but they are useful members — members at large, as it were. They have a wide adaptability; though I have always felt that the man who used at night to flop his burro upon its back, and peg its ears down for a shelter, carried the thing to a ridiculous ex-tent.

Ass a saddle-animal, the burro is intermittent, but advantageous. His back is shadier in hot weather, and more sheltered in cold than is a horse's. If you get tired, you just put your feet down, and let him walk from under. If he were to tire, you could put a shawl-strap on him and carry him home. I have never known the latter alternative to be necessary; but those who have ridden that noble animal, the horse, upon these southwestern plains, and have had now and then to walk home and carry the saddle, will appreciate the beauty of being prepared for any event. So you get your animal back to camp, it really matters little whether you take him as a seat or as a reticule.

Chas. F. Lummis.

REMNANTS.

EVEN THE greatest power must at last find its limit. Our new Navy is building itself — slowly but surely; but it can never be terrible to the coasts of Switzerland.

THE MUSES were the daughters of Memory, and a good deal of modern verse seems to be inspired by the same kind mother. The older English poets are never out of print.

IF IT WAS N'T for his neglected half-brother, Ink, the Pen would be no mightier than a butcher's skewer.

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY — In the Century Plant.

IT IS a long lane that has no tumble for the bicyclist.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE — To-morrow's.

THE CHINESE eat with chopsticks; but what some restaurants need is a chop saw.

FACTS ARE stubborn things — when they don't have to encounter a silver-tongued orator's cross-examination.

THE MAN who said he would rather make the songs than the laws of a country had his eye on the lay of the land.

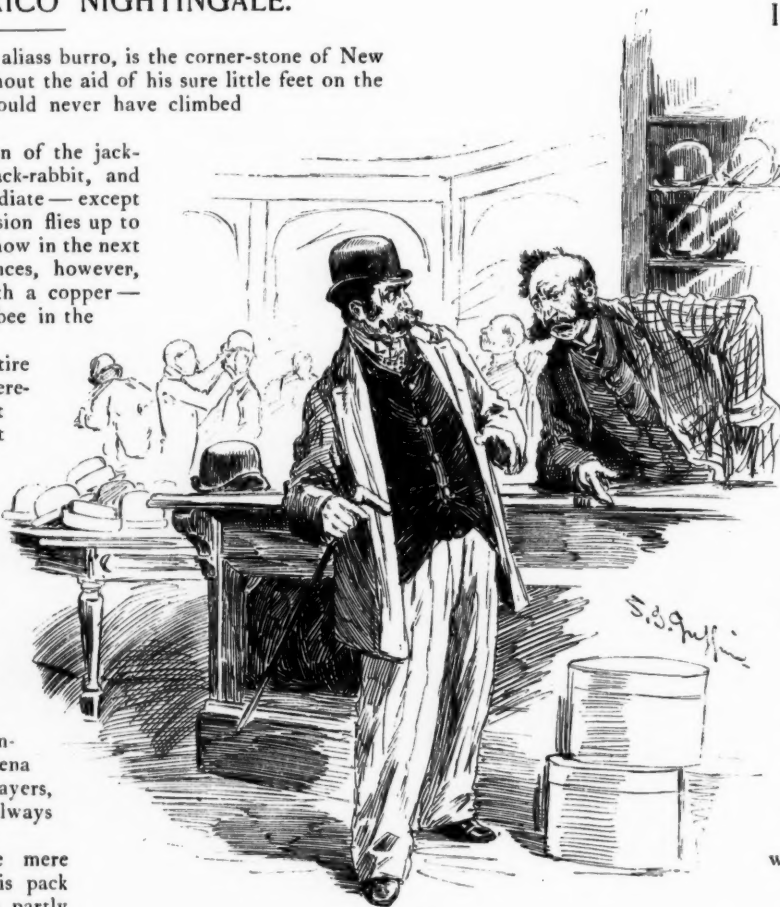
"SOME PEOPLE," said the old sea-dog, "are so grasping that they would like to have their dry-goods measured by the yards of an Atlantic liner."

WHEN THE Government clerk gets into a snug berth, he naturally wants to take a rest.

DOES FARMING PAY? — Oh, yes; if you go at it right it helps to pay the interest on the mortgage.

THE TRUMP OF FAME often comes to a man when it is too late in the game to do him any good.

"YOU CAN'T eat your cake and have your cake, eh? That depends on who made it," said Mr. Buckwheat, as he mixed himself a pepsine cocktail.



AN EVENER.

SALESMAN. — Well, whatcher want?

CUSTOMER. — I want to buy a hat.

SALESMAN. — Why did n' yer say so? Move lively now.

This ain't no morgue!

CUSTOMER. — I don't like to be spoken to like that.

SALESMAN. — Yer don't? Well, whatcher stoppin' the wheels 'f trade fer? Did yer ever see a real hat?

CUSTOMER. — That's enough! Good day.

SALESMAN. — Just wait a moment, sir. I recognize you as the ticket-seller at the Imperial Central Station. I tried to buy a ticket of you yesterday, and I've just endeavored to give you an imitation of the way you treated me. What's the size, sir?



MY PLEASANT SETTLE.

THAT is my cushioned settle over there
Which wears my clothes threadbare.
No king upon his throne,
In this or that or any other zone,
Can call such perfect happiness his own
As that which fills my soul
When on it at full length I find true rapture's goal.

I love my hammock rocked between two trees;
I love on lazy seas
To drift in idlesse sweet,
But sweeter far to lie upon this seat,
And rest 'neath curtained panes my slippered feet,
And pile my old bald crown
On raw silk 'broidered bags of balsam, sage and brown.

As the gull floats upon the Summer air
Without a thought of care,
So on this couch I float
Through cloudless realms, as in a fairy boat
That drifts in lilled seas to lands remote,
Where eastern scenes are met
In the smoke-vistas of my odorous cigarette.

I'm in the shadow of a low-limbed tree,
When May-time gilds the lea
And clover scents the air;
While on the songful boughs the robins pair,
And butterflies and flowers flutter fair,
When on it I uncoil,
And wonder how a man can fall in love with toil.

Labor is grand and noble, but with me,
Somehow, does not agree—
Give me this cosy nest,
This warm empurpled nook of hallowed rest,
With One near by to make the bower blest,
And just one beaten track:
Over the rugs unto the dining-room—and back.

R. K. M.

THE MAN ON TOP always gets the credit. We have walking-jackets, walking-coats, but never a pair of walking-trousers, although they do all the walking.



AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

ATTENDANT.—Are you looking for any thing in particular?
UNCLE REUB.—Yis, sah, I is. I heered tell dat dey wuz some ob d' ole mastahs a-stoppin' heah, en I fought whad I'd look in en see 'f ole Mars Ogletho'p, ob Gale's plahnation, Georgy, hed arrived in town. I ain't sot eyes on him sence sixty-fo'.



A CORMORANT.

HONORA.—I wisht y' 'd kape Master Dick out'r the kitchen, Ma'am.

MRS. ST. JONES.—Does he annoy you?

HONORA.—He does, Ma'am. He 's jist afther eatin' all th' holes Oi punched out o' the jumbles.

FASHIONS FOR THE MEN.

SMOKING-JACKETS are popular as usual. Sumatra wrappers are much in vogue among smokers, also.

A well-known colored tailor says that mohair is being demanded by many of his bald-headed customers.

The song "Where Did You Get that Hat," which has been so popular with the bands, it seems was not first played by a hat-band.

Necessity knows no law; therefore the liver-colored overcoat will be brought out again this season in a few instances.

In the cuffs worn this season there will be several changes. Probably every other day, with a change from end to end on alternate days.

A very handsome and expensive overcoat, designed recently for a popular New Street broker, is temporarily in the hands of a brother broker in Chatham Street.

A new hat, designed particularly for short men, costs \$1.37. Some very short men are still wearing their old ones, however. High hats are \$8.

A well-bred waiter will not put on a dress-coat in the morning. He waits until evening, and then he goes on waiting.

Checks are not in high favor. Those in vogue among hostlers have a painful effect—on the horses. The same may be said of strikes.

A new G. A. R. coat is called The Surplus. It is made just to go 'round, has two cash pockets, and plenty of brass buttons. It is a sack.

Morris Waite.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

MISS SIMPERTHY.—What was that poor man arrested for?

MR. ROWNE DE BOUT.—Having too much to say.

MISS SIMPERTHY.—Nonsense! I saw him begging with a deaf and dumb sign.

MR. ROWNE DE BOUT.—That's just the reason.

NELLIE STANDS CORRECTED.

"Did he groan?" asked Nellie.

"Oh, Nellie," cried her sister, who had not heard the whole conversation, "don't say 'did he grown,' say 'has he grown.' I fear you will never speak the language properly."

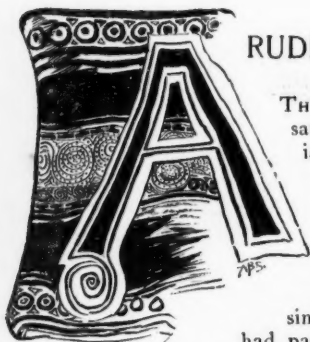




MR. TRAIN (who has just come in).—Where'd you get him?
MR. CRANE (who is very busy).—Friend sent him from Texas.
MR. TRAIN (who is still perplexed).—What's he good for?



MR. CRANE (who is happy, now he's got it).—He's trained for a bill-file. Pretty useful since the family came back to town. Squat, Philemon.



RUDE AWAKENING.

THE WISH of many a day was fulfilled, and at last I sat perched high over the heads of the busy Parisians in the dizzy altitude of the Eiffel Tower. What a beautiful panorama I expected to see! How much enjoyment and pleasure I anticipated! I had counted on it for many days past. I had hoped to devour piecemeal, as it were, the gay French capital; but alas! The dizziness benumbed me, a subtle feeling of drowsiness crept over me, and before many seconds had passed, my eyelids closed, the senses slipped from my grasp, and I found myself gently rocked in the arm of Morpheus—and in dreamland.

For a time my brain seemed clogged; all was chaos and confusion and darkness. But presently order took the place of chaos, and a beautiful picture evolved itself before my mental vision—a picture, resplendent in all the brilliance of a celestial light.

I beheld a grand and glorious republic—the envy of Nations—spread out before me. My heart feasted upon the picture.

At its head stood a man the very incarnation of justness and sincerity of purpose. A man who could be, as occasion required, as meek as the meekest of his fellows who elected him to his exalted office, or as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

How the people loved and prized him! How his praises were sung! "Why, he has made the best President we ever had!" they cried in chorus. "Democrats and Republicans, alike, are captivated by his model administration. Alike they are unanimous in giving him a much deserved second term."

"His administration has been just yet generous in the meting out of pensions to the old soldiers and their widows."

"He has not only lived up to his letter of acceptance and his pledges—which were all perfect models of true statesmanship—in the letter of the text, but he established a precedent excelling all predecessors, by the faithful execution of his duties in the true spirit of the text."

"His stand taken in the Civil Service Reform—contrary to general expectation—has been highly commendable. Merit

alone is the 'Open Sesame' to political preferment in his eyes. The women adore him, and the children have added his name to their daily prayers. He is our President in fact as well as in name. You can speak of no power behind the throne in his case. He is not led by the nose, by his Cabinet, as other presidents have been. He is not in the power, and at the beck and call of any Squire Moneybags. It was his sterling qualities, and not money, that elected him our President."

Thus did the good people expatiate upon the noble man that stood at the head of this grand republic. Ah, could I—

"Ben! (punch in the ribs). Ben!! (two punches in the ribs.) Benjamin Har-ri-son!!! (punch, punch, punch.) For goodness's sake, wake up, and stop that nonsensical gibberish! Here I've been lying awake an hour, listening to a lot of rubbish that no one could make head or tail of—about 'Parisians,' and 'grand republic,' and 'model administration,' and all such stuff. I'll see that you don't attend any more late receptions. Turn over on your side, like a good dear, else you'll have the whole White House awake with your nonsense."

C. M. M.

SINCE THE electric wire has been trying its force, the deadly kerosene can seems to be taking a rest. But when these powers are joined by the car-stove, people who make light of things had better move seriously.

AFTER THE HEATHEN are converted, it might be well to bring them over to do a little missionary work in our cities.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES—The shingle hung out after each heat.

GO TO THE ANT, thou sluggard; but don't let her get in the White House when you're President.

MRS. CHICAGO (reads).—"The City of New York grounded."
MR. CHICAGO.—Oh, I guess not the whole city—just the World's Fair Committee.

WHEN THE cigar-store Indian has the sign "Board of Registry Meets Here" tacked around him, he begins to wonder if he is as good as other dead Indians.



AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

MR. PORCHESTER PELHAM, of Larchmont, has engaged a second scullery-maid at the intelligence office; and she insists on conversing with him on the trip home.

Seasonable SHORT STUFF

A SLIGHT BREAK.

MRS. NEWTWIT.—I want to see some gentlemen's shirts. I don't remember what size; but Mr. Newtwit is about thirty-four bust-measure.

A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

"What do you think of champagne at four dollars a bottle, Downes?" inquired Mr. Madison Squeer.

"I don't think of champagne at four dollars a bottle," replied Mr. Upson Downes, sadly. "I think of beer."

SENTIMENT AND SENSE.

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear me, here 's the cold weather coming on again. I wonder what the poor are going to do?

MR. GRUMP (*sententiously*).—Work!

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

DR. QUAKER.—Mr. McClacker seems to be a man of very broad views.

MR. WHACKER.—Yes; I don't believe there 's a single question on earth that he does n't straddle.

MRS. FINNIGAN'S VIEW OF IT.

GROCER.—Is it five or ten cents' worth of soap you want, Mrs. Finnigan?

MRS. FINNIGAN.—Tin cints' worth, indade! Oh, no! Whin there 's much in the house, much 'll be used—give me foive cints' worth.

THE EXECUTIVE CODE.

HARRISON (*looking around the cabinet*).—Are you ready?

LIGE.—Ready!

HARRISON.—One—two—three—fire!

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

MR. SCADS (*to UPHOLSTERER*).—Mr. Wirey, please call on me this afternoon, I want to see you on business.

MR. WIREY.—With pleasure, sir!

MR. SCADS.—No pleasure, sir—purely business!



NOT AN EXUBERANT TRIP.

MRS. UPTHAR.—Have a good time down to York, my son?

HIRAM.—No!!!!

MRS. UPTHAR.—Thought your cousin Ben promised t' take you 'round the city?

HIRAM.—So he did; four times. He 's drivin' a belt-line car.

THE ANGLO-MANIAC seems to think that half an eyeglass is better than none.

JOB'S COMFORTERS must have been crazy-quilts.

MANY A MAN makes a good reputation on what is not found out about him.

MC KEESPORT—Washington, D. C.

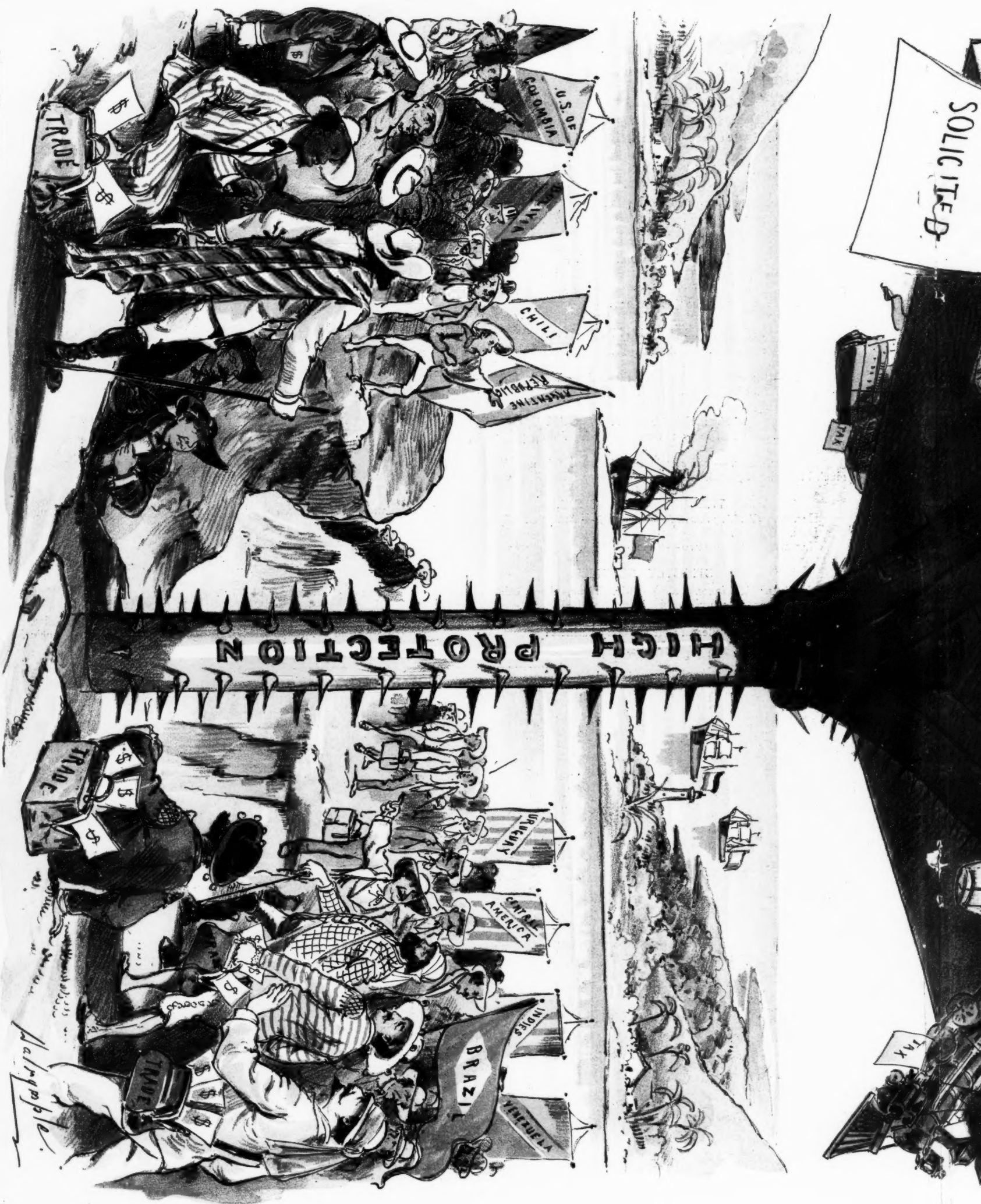
GNATS AND CAMELS—When men swallow a Boss's Political Platform whole, and yet try to feebly kick against his candidates for office.



NOT A STEEPLE-CHASER.

MR. FOXHALL GAMMON.—That horse of yours, Baggsy, is a pretty good jumper.

MR. ANNISEED BAGGS.—Bah! No, he is n't. Pff! He 'd never have got over if I had n't got off!



THE BIGGEST SELL OF THE SEASON.

PUCK.





SUI GENÉRIS.

VIELE (*greatly excited*). — Don't you know, B-B-Biffie has got his c-c-cane-head fast in his mouth, and c-c-can't get it out!

VANDERBUFF (*coolly*). — Can't it be duplicated?

VIELE. — Y-Y-Yes; but B-B-Biffie can't.

THE ROMANCE OF THE DRUMMER.



THE SAILOR is generally accepted as a romantic character. Poets write him up, novelists make stories about him, and dramatists use him every time he comes handy. But the poet gives the Drummer the cold and frigid shake; the novelist will have none of him, and if the dramatist uses him at all, it is only as a comic and more or less ridiculous personage.

Is this just? Is it right? Is it equitable? We trow not. We bet not. If there is any romance in the matter, it is the sole and undivided property of the Drummer, and we are here to prove it.

If you come to look at the Sailor in the cold, clear light of impartial truth, and from a standpoint of soap, there is nothing romantic about the Sailor. He is dirty. He is ignorant. He chews tobacco. He is rude in his language and manners. He eats salt pork and likewise onions. His notions of humor are of the crudest sort. When he is on shore, and generally visible to the lay eye, he is drunk. And yet we sing pathetic songs about him and find something worthy of admiration in his indurated habit of wearing Spring-bottom trousers, regardless of the fashion.

Now let us take up the case of the Drummer. Clean? Well, rather. He is clean as a new pin, even if he has to travel 1,000 miles a week on soft-coal railroads. Smart? Of course he's smart, or he would n't be a Drummer. Does he chew tobacco? No, but he smokes uncommonly good cigars, and he gives more away than he smokes. Polite? He could give points to Chesterfield on social tact and delicate courtesy — especially when he is making a sale. As an eater, his taste is sound and delicate, and he always knows the best restaurant and the newest *table-d'hôte*. And yet he can eat with smiling cheerfulness railroad station fare that would tempt the dying anchorite to hump himself and try to die quicker than he had meant to. Humor? Why, he is the fountain head of humor. He knows more stories than Scheherezade ever dreamed of bluffing her un-Howellsized Sultan with. Does he get drunk? Only strictly in the cause of business; and then he never gets half as drunk as the purchaser he is drinking with. And as to his raiment, if he is any sort of a live Drummer, he is bound to be about half a neck ahead of the fashion.

Gaze upon those two portraits and say which one of them deserves the immortal homage of the poet's lay. But the Drummer is not only

comparatively poetic; he is positively poetic. Pathos clings about him as the ivy about the oak.

Think of the Drummer coming home, after he has been three or four months on the road. He has been hard at work at his business for all those months. He has met with snubs and rebuffs; with coldness and with rudeness. But he has always been the same — affable, genial, interesting, amusing. Whether he sold a thousand dollars' worth, or a dollar's worth, or not a cent's worth, he has always been the same amiable, kindly, entertaining, jolly, indomitable old Drummer.

Well, he shows up at the shop. If he has not done a good business, the active member of the firm promenades all over his neck, inquires closely into his expense account, and casually remarks: "If we had n't any better business than you bring us, Mr. Smith, we'd have a receiver in here long before you got old Ikey Mosenthal to pay that bill of goods you sold him last February. You seem to think this concern is a Hebrew Orphan Asylum, or something of that sort."

But suppose he has done a good business. Then a more terrible fate awaits him. He is taken into partnership.

Ah, it is easy for those whose incomes are assured to speak lightly of the hapless Drummer. But how would they feel if, like him, they came home after years and years of conscientious toil, to announce to a stricken wife, to weeping children clustering around his knee: "All is over. Henceforward we must look starvation in the face. They have given me an interest in the business!"? They would feel fatigued.

And it is small mitigation of the Drummer's fate that sometimes he comes home to find his wife suing for divorce on the ground of abandonment. Nothing could be less accurately calculated to encourage his taste for domestic life.

It is our solemn decision that, as between the Drummer and the Sailor, the Drummer is entitled to all the poetry there is going.

To prove our case, we append a sample of the poetry:

Air: Nancy Lee.

Alligretto, 6 off 30 days.

OF ALL THE WIVES as e'er you know,
Sell high, sell low! sell high, sell low!

There's none like Rachel Lieb, I trow,

Sell low, sell high, sell low!

See, there she stands and waves her hands —

Hast Du geseh'n?

And every day, while I'm away,

She counts the gain;

And whispers low: "White Goods go slow —

Confound the rain!"

Sell low, sell high, sell low!

A Drummer's wife a line of goods should be

To wash, you see, to wash, you see,

A Drummer's wife a line of goods should be

To wash and wear — you see!



CLEAR AS GLASS.

UNCLE MOMPERS. — I'm terrible sorry, Gen'ral.

CONDUCTOR. — What's th' trouble?

UNCLE MOMPERS. — Mother, here, was afraid it warn't style t' eat in th' cars, an' when she seen you a-comin', she tried t' chuck her lunch out'n th' winder, which it was shet.

CONFESSION.

I GRANT we wandered off alone,
And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
A single kiss — no more? well — two.
You never were content with one,
And she — she looked so much like you!
Bentley Parker.

FROM ONE TERROR TO ANOTHER.

MRS. MUMBLE. — I shall be in fear of my life
until all these electric wires are under ground!
MR. MUMBLE. — Why, Ma'am, is it any better
to be blown up than to be struck down?

THE USUAL EFFECT.

GREAT EDITOR. — How do the railway officers
seem to feel about this accident up the road?
REPORTER. — It has struck them dumb!

IN THE ELOPEMENT BELT OF KENTUCKY.



TOURIST (*out of his way*). — Ah, there comes
some one on horseback! He can probably set
me right.



LOCAL LOCHINVAR. — Sorry, stranger; but we can't stop. Ask her
old man, he'll be along in a minute!



SHIFTING THE BLAME.

MR. BAIRD. — Barber, that razor of yours
pulls awfully!
PROF. LATHERS. — Impossible, sir. It must
be your beard.

PUCKERINGS.

A BIRD in the hand is worth two on the bon-
net; but it does n't cost as much.

THEY HAVE buffet cars on the train of dis-
asters.

THE REASON the hatter got so mad was prob-
ably because his nap was disturbed.

"ONCE a KNAVE, always a knave," does n't
go any more. The revised version is:
"Once a knave, now a jack."

HOW THE unfitness of a name
Is brought out by Time's perspective!
ANGELINE may prove a vixen,
FRANK may turn out a detective!

"ARCHITECTURE is frozen music." Some of
it was n't frozen long enough. It's just
simply slush.

THE GIRL who has a blind beau can not be
said to be without a spark of feeling.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL in these days seems to be
the locomotive driver.

LIFE — BY A PESSIMIST.
Man's life is as a sleeper's
Waking, who says "Alas!"
Blinks with his drowsy peepers,
And then — blows out the gas.

Out to-day: — Out to-day:

5th
CROP.
PICKINGS

FROM

PUCK

Out to-day: — Out to-day:

"Everything new! Everything new!
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5TH CROP, for you!
Full of giggles and roars and smiles,
With little snickers chucked in 'twixen whiles;
And not a giggle, a smile or a roar
That you met in One, Two, Three or Four.
Every Crop in itself is a host,
And we can not quite tell which you'll like the most —
But of all these budgets of mirth and jest,
The latest, we think, is a little the best.
And so out your little round **quarter** you chuck,
And cavort away with your PICKINGS FROM PUCK."

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whiskers, and hair on bald heads, BEARD EXIST, use only remedy, Agents, 65 per day. No experience, send out funds, we mail everything, 10 for 25c, or 12 for \$1. We ask no credit. Smith Bros. Co. Palestine, Ill.

A CHICAGO milkman advertised for a boy who understood the milk business; and, when asked what experience he had had, one of the applicants replied that he had "pumped the organ in church."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE RUBBER TRUST—Your Macintosh. —*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

MISS FUSSANFEATHER. — There's my friend, Mrs. Hiffier. She moves in the best society.

MRS. YEAST. — Yes; I suppose she finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.—*Merchant Traveler*.

COULD a Chinese ship yard be properly called a junk shop?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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WHEN the rooster gets a comb he reaches the top-knotch of his ambition.—*Merch. Traveler*.

THE boy of to-day would n't kick a hole in his drum to see what was inside. He'd look for a place to put a nickel in the slot.—*Merchant Traveler*.

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Too Fast

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morning

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awarded solely for toilet SOAP in com-
petition with all the world.
Highest possible distinction."

HE WAS NOT PARTICU-
LAR.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.
—No, I make it a prin-
ciple never to give away
money at the door.—

TRAMP.—Very well,
Madam, if you have any
feeling about it; I am
perfectly willing that you
should hand it to me out
of the window.—*Yale
Record.*

SAT ON.

MEEK-LOOKING COLPOR-
TEUR.—I should like to
leave some tracks here,
sir.

POMPOUS OLD "PARTY"
(severely).—Certainly.
Heels towards the door,
please.—*Hur. Lampoon.*

A PREDICTION.

"Mucilage trust been
formed," said Jags to
Cags.

"Somebody's going
to get stuck," was the
prediction that followed.
—*Mer. Traveler.*

AN OCEAN TRIP.—The
sailor's hornpipe.—*E.r.*

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in the world, if Angostura Bitters
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steamship must be fond of the sea board.—
Boston Commercial Bulletin.

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ACCOMMODATING TRAIN-
MEN.

FIRST TRAMP.—Hullo,
Bill! Got back ter th'
city, I see. Las' I saw of
ye ye was way out West.
How'd ye git back?

SECOND TRAMP.—Come
by railroad, av coorse.
Did n't do much walkin'
nuther.

FIRST TRAMP.—Was
the freight conductors
accommodatin'?

FIRST TRAMP.—Wall,
yes; they allowed plenty
of stop-over privileges.
—*New York Weekly.*

CLEOPATRA'S Needle
has always seemed out
of place in busy New
York, because it has no
eye for business.—*Texas
Siftings.*

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OLD LADY (who reads the papers).—Oh, any thing that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound.—*New York Weekly.*

SCHOLASTIC ITEM.

Tommy—I wish the school room was round. Mother—Why?
So the teacher could n't make me stand in the corner.—*Texas Siftings.*

An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."—*Texas Siftings.*

SOME of the daily papers should hang their "heads" in shame.—Puck. Or discontinue their dreadful tales.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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White folks is cussin' fit to kill;
Dey cyarnt lub ole St. Louis Mo',
Dough dey may like Chicago, Ill.
—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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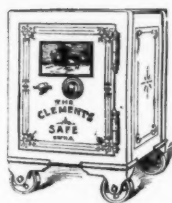
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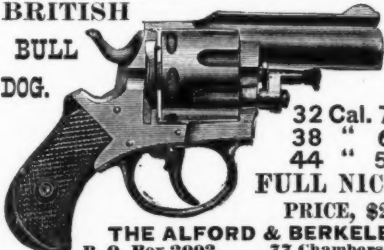


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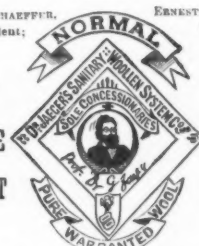
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